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R. L. STEWART, Editor and Proprietor.

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Number 3.

Selected Poetry.

A WOMAN'S COMPLAINT.

I saw myself in the glass to-day,
And I said, as I looked in my hair,
"Oh, that my face were a talisman,
And I could have it to wear!"
For there is nothing that I would not give
To foster his restless heart;
For if his tenderness ever should fail
The glory from life would part.

I should not suffer so if I knew
That he missed me any to-night;
I wonder if ever he wants me now—
I know that it isn't right.
I know I am selfish to murmur and doubt;
Is he careless or cold? Oh! never!
But they tell me that men forget in an hour,
While women remember forever.

I love him! I love him with all my life!
And I give him his choicest things;
But he puts me into a gilded cage,
And cripples my budding wings!
I want to be all that a woman should be;
But he has the narrow view:
I want to work, and he wants me to play;
And he tells me to do as I choose!

To do as I choose! I would choose to be
Not a child, to be petted and dressed,
But his friend; on the terms of an equal trust;
Respected, as well as caressed.
He gives me a kiss, and he goes away;
And that horrible office door
Shuts out the face and the voice and the hand
That charmed him a moment before!

And if he's troubled, or sad, or wronged,
He tells me never a word:
He looks me over a summer flower,
Or a beautiful singing bird;
If he's lonely, I know I could learn
To work with him, side by side;
And then I could hold my head up, high,
With a sterling womanly pride!

And so I am jealous of him I love;
Oh! jealous as a cat can be;
For his lovely smile and his glowing plans
Keep him away from me.
And I sit away by myself to-night,
Dropping the bitterest tears,
That have moistened the cheeks that he left
Unkissed,
To whisper with cruel fear!

Miscellaneous.

For the Gallipolis Journal.

THANKSGIVING SERMON.

GALLIPOLIS, O., Nov. 27th, 1863.

Rev. R. D. VAN DEUSEN.
DEAR SIR: Having listened with great pleasure to the discourse delivered by you on Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 26th, we respectfully request a copy for publication.

C. J. MENAGER.
ALEX. LOUHE.
W. M. NASH.
JOSEPH HUNT.
S. C. BAILEY.

GALLIPOLIS, Nov. 27th, 1863.

C. J. MENAGER, Esq., and others.
Gentlemen: In accordance with your request I herewith place my Thanksgiving Sermon at your disposal.

Although conscious of the many imperfections of the manuscript, I yield to your judgment as to its publication, with the sincere prayer that it may contribute in some degree to the end for which it was written and preached. I have no time to revise it now, and this must be my excuse for the omission of such portions as I was compelled to add at the time of preaching and have not written.

Very respectfully, yours,

R. D. VAN DEUSEN.

SERMON.

"Oh Lord thou art my God; I will exalt thee; I will praise thy name for thou hast done wonderful things; thy counsels of old are faithfulness and truth."—ISAIAH, LXVI: 1st.

In compliance with the invitation of the Chief Magistrate of our Nation, we are to-day assembled in the house of the Lord for an especial purpose. We have met to unite our hearts as well as voices in hymns of praise and thanksgiving to the Lord who is God alone.—To Him who "sitteth upon the circle of the universe," the God who is "from everlasting to everlasting," whose "throne is in the heavens;" to Him who "doeth his will in the armies of Heaven" and among the inhabitants of the earth;" to the God who made the heavens and the earth and who controls all things which He hath made; to Him "in whom we live and move and have our being" we are invited to sing and give praise.

I have said we are invited by the Proclamation of the President; but there is more than a simple manifestation of respect to him; I trust, in our assembling together to-day; and while we cheerfully respond to the Proclamation, I trust that we rejoice in the opportunity which is thus afforded to unite our voices of prayer and praise with the thousands all over the land, whose hearts respond gratefully to the call which gathers a Nation around the throne of grace. We come rejoicing in the fact that the President has given utterance to the desire of the thousands who feel that it is good to rejoice in the Providence of God; and that praise is comely. We rejoice that we may to-day take upon our lips the words of the Prophet as we say with him, "O Lord, thou art our God; we will exalt thee. We will praise thy name, for thou hast

done wonderful things." And we rejoice that our President has told us in such fitting words the reasons which have influenced him in inviting us to bow with him before the throne of God. For myself, I thank God that he so distinctly confesses his own weakness and expresses his dependence upon the Lord; and that in recalling the wonderful things which God has done for us, he has placed upon record the convictions which God has impressed upon his soul. He says "no human council hath devised, nor hath any mortal hand worked out these great things. They are the gracious gifts of the most High God, who, while dealing with us in anger for our sins has nevertheless remembered mercy." And again he says that "to the bounties which are so constantly enjoyed that we are prone to forget the source from which they come, others have been added which they cannot fail to penetrate and soften the heart which is habitually insensible to the ever watchful providence of Almighty God." For these we come "with the sacrifices of thanksgiving into the house of the Lord."—And God grant that insensible hearts may be penetrated and softened as the Nation bows before the footstool of the King of Kings.

The circumstances under which we are called to give thanks to-day, are certainly peculiar. We are engaged in a war of the most fearful character. A conflict is raging which in its issue involves the life of the Nation. For nearly three years we have been called to endure one of the most terrible of the judgments of the Lord. The blood of thousands of the bravest and best of our land has been poured out like water, in the deadly struggle. We have been called to mourn as the soldier's grave has closed over the lifeless forms of those whose lives were bound up in our own. "The mighty man and the man of war, the judge and the prudent, and the ancient, the captain of fifty and the honorable man, and the counsellor and the cunning artificer, and the eloquent orator," have gone from the peaceful walks of life to the field of death whence they will return no more. And to-day, all over the land—or that part at least which is free from the terrible dominion of treason—as the church bells peal out their call to the sanctuary, does not the feeble mother go with sadness as she remembers the time when she leaned upon the strong arm of her noble boy who is not with her to-day? Does not the wife come with an aching heart as she knows that even while we pray and praise, the battle may be fought and the bullet may be speeding which will leave her widowed and broken-hearted? Are not the absent loved ones whose voices used to mingle with our own, yonder on the field where messengers of death are flying thickly and swiftly? And while we lift our songs of praise and listen to the music of joyous instruments, do they not listen to other sounds? "The death angel" is touching the "swift keys" which utter their notes not from organ pipes, but from musket barrels and the crashing cannon. They hear

"The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched asunder,
The rattling musketry, the clashing blade,
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,
The diapason of the cannonade."

And are there not thousands of those but lately gone from our very sides, who are "sleeping the sleep which knows no waking," who will listen no more to earthly music, or hear again the cry of human agony?

Yes! my dear hearers, yes! All this is true, and I know I need not here remind you how truly it comes home to our hearts in this assembly. Some of you know that since we last sat together around the table of our Lord, one has been taken from the little flock to which I minister, another victim in this cruel war, and another who then enlisted as a soldier under the banner of the captain of salvation has gone with his life in his hand to serve his God in defence of his country. And I know that my brother at my side when he prays for his flock, remembers that there are many far away who may never return to praise God with him in "temple" made with hands." Under such circumstances then, can we rejoice and sing praise? Yes! dear brethren, yes! we may still with grateful hearts repeat the words of the Prophet and say "O Lord, thou art our God. We will exalt thee; we will praise thy name

for thou hast done wonderful things.—Thy counsels of old are faithfulness and truth."

The first words of the text strike the key note of our hymns of praise, for even in our times of trouble, even in this hour of sadness, even now while hearts are aching and the light of so many homes is darkened, we rejoice that "the Lord is our God;" though "clouds and darkness are round about him" the "Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice." This Lord our God does reign. He reigns in Heaven and the angels rejoice. He reigns over the devils and they fear and tremble. He reigns on earth over Emperors and Kings and Presidents, and for earth there is but one Ruler supreme, and He is our God. He is the same great God who created the world and He governs it. He is the Lord of hosts and the God of battles. "He changeth the times and the seasons, he removeth Kings and setteth up Kings. Blessed be the name of God forever, for wisdom and might are his." I need not here dwell upon His attributes, but His word declares, and His works reveal Him the God whose throne is founded in "righteousness and judgment."—"His tender mercies are over all His works," and God is a God of love.—And to-day His voice comes sweetly to us—if we are his children—and amid the clash of armies and the storm which seems to beat so heavily upon us, it says, "Your Heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things." He alone is the great Physician who can and does minister to the maladies of nations as well as individuals, and when He visits us for our good, as I verily believe He is now visiting us, even while He is punishing us for our sins, and although we may be called to suffer yet more terribly before we can be healed, we have cause for praises that we are in His hands and under His care. He will cause us no unnecessary pang of pain, and although we be called to endure the terrible surgery of the battlefield, if that will but prevent the deadly gangrene of political corruption from extending to the vitals of the nation; if that will but give us relief from the deadly vices which have brought us so near to national dissolution; if that will but remove the monstrous cancers of national sin which had been spreading for so many years over the body politic until their stench has gone up into the nostrils of Jehovah; if that be necessary to arouse us from the sleep of death and our dreams of security, without God; if that but awake us to a sense of our dependence upon the Lord, our God, and the utter weakness of mere human power; if it leads us to the God whom we have forsaken, and teaches us that in Him alone is our help and our salvation, then we shall indeed have cause for joy and songs of thanksgiving for "happy is that people that is in such a case, yes, happy is that people whose God is the Lord."

I need not tell you of the causes which have led to the fearful maladies under which we groan, or the sins which have produced this suffering, but now although the probe may seem to have entered our very heart, and the sword may be cutting deeply and severely, it is in the hands of the Lord our God, and even while enduring the fearful application of his surgery, let us give thanks that the Lord is our Physician and that He has said "I will go and return unto my place till they acknowledge their offence and seek my face in their affliction they will seek me early."—"Come and let us return unto the Lord for He hath torn and He will heal us; He hath smitten, and He will bind us up." For these assurances even as we groan under our sin, let us sing and give praise. But again:

II. Let us rejoice for the indications of an improvement in our condition during the past year. Let us praise God for the "wonderful things" He has done for us. And although we have not been as willing to recognize the hand of God in these things as we ought to have been, and although we have still continued to sin grievously in many respects, "He has not dealt with us after our sins, nor rewarded us according to our iniquities," and for this let us praise Him and rejoice that in the midst of deserved wrath He has yet remembered mercy and hearkened to the cry of His children as they have prayed before him.

We are always prone to murmur even in the daily reception of mercies.

We are naturally ungrateful creatures, and particularly so when we are under the chastening hand of our Heavenly Father; but as we look back upon the wonderful things which God has done for us since our last annual thanksgiving day, it does seem—as the President expresses it—that they are "of such an extraordinary nature that they cannot fail to penetrate and soften even the heart which is habitually insensible to the ever watchful providence of Almighty God." And now let us briefly recapitulate some of these wonderful things which God has done for us.

Upon the 8th of last November, the army of the Potomac which had been repeatedly baffled by their opponents, was transferred to the charge of Major Gen. Burnside. Gen. McClellan had so frequently been unsuccessful that with a change of commanders he looked and hoped for a change in the results of operations in that Department upon which so much seemed to depend. But the year began in darkness and deep despondency. Our armies seemed unable to accomplish anything; and so the long long month passed until the 13th of December, when Gen. Burnside crossed the Rappahannock and engaged the enemy, and when he recrossed on the 15th, with the remains of his defeated army, we all remember what were our days of darkness and our nights of gloom. I need not tell you how the year 1862 closed upon our saddened stricken hearts.

The bloody repulse of our army under Gen. Sherman, on the 29th of December, as he attacked Vicksburg, added another heavy burden to our sorrow, and when on the last day of the year the noble little "Monitor" went down in the storm off Cape Hatteras, it seemed as if it were a symbol of our ship of state sinking beneath the waves amid the storm of treason. The new year dawned, and the 1st of January was made memorable by the recapture of Galveston by the rebels, but more memorable by the Emancipation Proclamation of the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States, as the alternative of continued rebellion.

On the 4th of January, the great battle of Murfreesboro was fought, and the result—the glorious success of our army in Tennessee, you well remember. Upon the 24th of January, Gen. Burnside was superseded by Gen. Hooker, and again we had a long period of anxious preparation on the Potomac.—And again on the 3rd of May, the army crossed the Rappahannock to fight the battle of Chancellorsville, again to return disappointed, (although the result of the battle was probably fully as disastrous to the rebels as ourselves.) But in the West, the army under Gen. Grant was moving, and the battles of the 16th to 20th of May, at Baker's Creek, Jackson, and Black River, revived our hopes in that quarter; and Vicksburg was closely invested. Another period of comparative quiet followed these events, but it was the quiet which preceded the fearful storm. And from the first repulse of our army at Vicksburg, under Gen. Grant, until the 1st of July, was the darkest period of our history.

On the 9th of June, the Confederate army under Gen. Lee, began to move northward, and on the 13th, the division of Gen. Milroy, at Winchester, was surrounded, and the city captured. And as the rebels continued their march, the President issued on the 15th his call for 100,000 additional men while the rebels occupied Frederick City, Chambersburg, York, Gettysburg, Carlisle, and approached Harrisburg. While this occurred in the East, affairs in the West seemed poised in a scale which a day's march might turn for or against us. The people of the country trembled and doubted—our foreign relations seemed sadly complicated, and we looked into the morning papers with fearful anxiety as we felt that the news of foreign intervention might first meet the eye. And amid all these troubles a fearful murmuring was heard, it grew louder and louder until upon our astonished ears the cry burst as many of our own fellow citizens demanded the surrender of all for which we were contending. They wished for peace. Sweet, blessed word. Would to God we could but see the dawning of the day when peace may smile again upon our torn and bleeding country, but the Lord has not

yet revealed the way by which it is to be granted.

We can have no peace by yielding up the Government to a section whose watch word is "rule or ruin." And we can never have peace until the people all over the land are willing to yield to the peaceful decisions of the regularly constituted and lawful authority of the Government—a Government which derives its authority from the majority of the people; and if the minority take the sword and perish by the sword, their blood be upon their own heads.—The cry for peace may have come from thousands of honest hearts, but peace at the price of our liberties, peace without a Government, would be no such peace as would bring with it a blessing. I, too, pray for peace, but I pray that God will give us hearts to pay even the price of war for the present, if that alone will secure a lasting, an enduring peace. The cry for peace at any sacrifice would only bring upon us now the darker horrors of a war more bloody than any of which we can conceive.—That cry revealed our "house divided," and it seemed tottering to its fall. The skies were overhung with blackest clouds, and on the 27th of June, Gen. Hooker was superseded by Gen. Meade, of whom the people knew but little.—The change was made upon the eve of battle—the battle upon the issue of which our national existence seemed suspended, and as those immense armies confronted each other, the month of June closed.

Early on the morning of the 1st of July the battle commenced, and at the close of the day the Union army had but little cause for exultation, but before the dawn of the 2nd of July, the new Commander-in-chief arrived at the front. The 12th corps and part of the 3d corps, had arrived during the night; the 2d and 5th corps arrived about 7 o'clock in the morning; but the 6th corps under Gen. Sedgwick, did not reach the ground until 2 o'clock in the afternoon; then for the first time did the Union army equal that of the rebels. And now to quote from the recent address of Hon. Edward Everett, to which I am indebted for the particulars of this battle:—"Here I cannot but remark on the providential inaction of the rebel army. Had the contest been renewed at daylight on the 2d of July, nothing but a miracle could have saved the army from destruction. Instead of that, the day dawned, the morning passed, the forenoon wore away without the slightest aggressive movement on the part of the enemy.—Thus time was given for half of our forces to arrive and take their places in our lines, while the rest of the army enjoyed a much needed half-day's repose." The fight began again between 3 and 4 o'clock, and the day was crowned with success to the Federal army. The third of July closed the scene, and the dawn of the 4th witnessed the retreat of the rebel army, which in the 3 days fight had suffered a loss of 37,000 men, or more than one-third of the grand army which entered Pennsylvania. Upon that ever memorable 4th day of July, the war worn soldiers of the West marched in to plant anew the banner of their country upon the walls of Vicksburg. The little band of 2600 men at Helena, repulsed the rebels who attacked them with 15,000, and the rebel Gen. Morgan was defeated at Green River Bridge. And while the tears of every christian man must flow as we think of those terrible and bloody days, while we are compelled to weep over the calamities which have befallen even our enemies, whom we would love to embrace as brethren, we are still to thank God that treason was not successful, and that their defeat has preserved the entire Nation from calamities far more to be deplored.

I cannot rejoice over the desolation of Southern homes. The cry of widows and orphans there, has no music for my ears. But it is not for that, that christians are called to give thanks, but that rebellion is being suppressed, treason crushed, and the just law of a good Government vindicated. We must not let the criminal go unpunished because by his crime he involves his family in disgrace and suffering, for upon the enforcement of the law only can we hope for security and peace.

And now I must pass rapidly over details, but must mention a few interesting points. On the 5th of July, Gen. Rosecrans took Winchester; and Tullahoma on the 7th. On the 8th, Fort Hudson surrendered. On the 10th, Gen. Gilmore landed on Morris Island and took all the forts and guns there except Wagner and Cumming's Point, which you know are since ours. General Sherman drove General Johnston out of Jackson a second time. On the 13th, the victory was gained at Falling Waters, and Yazoo City was captured. Hatteras was taken on the 17th. The next day, Rengi, Miss., was defeated, and 1500 of his men captured; and on the 26th, he was taken with nearly all who had entered Ohio

with him. Of the battle of Chickamauga, you know that although we suffered severely, yet we held and still hold the position contended for, and baffled the rebel plans. Knoxville is now ours. The States of Missouri, Mississippi, Alabama, Tennessee, Kentucky, Arkansas, Louisiana, Texas, Virginia, and North Carolina, are now all measurably under Federal control, and the city of Charleston is within range of our guns, and its defenses are daily weakened. For all of these indications of improvement, let us praise God to-day, and not only for these, but for the cheering indications which come to us from North Carolina, Arkansas and other points, of a desire to return to the old Union.

And when we look abroad and see the dark clouds of foreign intervention lifting, and know that France and England have put an end to piratical ship building, and that the English Minister was the first to warn us of danger from the Canadian border; when we have heard the voice of the mighty millions at the ballot box electing men who are pledged to stand by the Government and the Union, we have cause to thank God; for the bloody streets of New York have shown us the reign of terror from which the land has been delivered.

And if you ask why I have dwelt so long upon the details of such things as mere changes of Generals, and why I have spoken of the disasters to which I have alluded, I have done it to carry you to the throne of God that you might praise Him that He did not give us over to man worship. We called Gen. McClellan a young Napoleon, but God ordered his battles. We put our trust in Gen. Burnside's military skill, and God astonished us as he punished us for our atheism. Then we felt confident that with Gen. Hooker in command, the army of the Potomac must be invincible. But Gen. Hooker failed. Then when the North was invaded; when our faith in that army was at its lowest ebb; when Gen. Lee, seemed to be driving everything before him; God put a man in command of whom we scarcely knew anything. The army was attacked while nearly half of its corps were scattered. We suffered severely, but the next day, as I have told you, God saved the army by delaying the attack until we were equal in numbers to the rebels, and taught us that to Him and not to man, belongs the victory. To Him be the praise.—And if our defeats have taught us this lesson of dependence upon Him still more impressively, thank God for them.

III. We must praise God that He has visited us with but one of his terrible judgments. If we suffer so much because of the war, He asks us from his word, "How much more when I send my four sore judgments, the sword, and the famine, and the noisome beast, and the pestilence."

My dear hearers, we cannot say we have not deserved them all, but blessed be God, He has still dealt with us in mercy. We have suffered from the sword, but I trust that God has used it for discipline, and not for destruction.—Instead of famine, we have been blessed with abundance. We have had enough, and to spare. We have not only had an immense surplus of food to sell, but even while the English were fitting out ships for the rebels to prey upon our commerce; when the cry of the famine came over the sea from Manchester and other manufacturing towns of England, we had enough to feed them, and without money, as a gift to the starving we sent over in the single ship George Griswold, 11,256 barrels of flour, 200 boxes of bacon, 60 barrels of pork, 600 bushels of corn, and 800 barrels of bread.

Thank God it reached them safely, although the ship on her return was captured by one of those rebel pirates built in an English port.

Let us praise God that not only have we not suffered from famine, but that the agricultural returns for the last year show a decided increase over the previous year. And although some of our armies have been called to pass the summer and autumn in the most unhealthy portions of the South, the Lord has protected them and us from the deadly pestilence so common to warfare, and as the President tells us, "Population has steadily increased, notwithstanding the waste that has been made in the camp, the siege, and the battle-field." No noisome beasts have despoiled the land. The caterpillar, and locust, and worm, have not ravaged our fields. Surrounded on every hand with the manifestations of the goodness of the Lord, let us exult His name and praise Him with thanksgiving, and in our praises, let us not forget that

IV. We should thank the Lord for the blessed work of the Sanitary and Christian Commissions. Praise God that He has put into the hearts of these who sustain those institutions of mercy to care not only for the bodies, but the souls of our noble soldiers in the field.

I need not occupy your time with an extended account of what has been already accomplished in behalf of the sick, the wounded, and the tempted heroes of the army. Time will never reveal the results of the noble labor, but eternity will show us a work over which saints will rejoice and angels

sing in Heaven. And while we praise God for what has been done, let us not forget that there is more to be done, and that in hospitals, in camps, in the dreary prisons of the South, there are thousands who languish in pain and want for those things which we can send them. Food which the Government cannot furnish except through the instrumentality of these agencies, because the demand is immediate and pressing, and if we would save those that are ready to perish, we must act at once and give liberally. God has blessed us indeed, as those noble men have formed a bulwark of their own bodies between us, and the rain which threatens us, and we may not measure our donations for their benefit, and give as though it were a charity. They are dying because they have stood between us and desolation. And God pity the man who has nothing to give to his country; nothing to save the life or the soul of the country's defenders who love their country more than life. Praise God for the noble Commissions, and for the privilege we to-day enjoy of doing something for the soldiers who have under God done so much for us, and when you leave this house of God to-day, praise God that you have done it, and thousands who are not with us in our churches now, will praise God for His goodness and your remembrance; and finally,

V. Let us praise God that we are still spared to recount His mercies.—Let the remembrance of His wondrous works, His ever watchful care keep us near the throne of grace in humble dependence. Let us remember that all that we have suffered as a nation, has been because of our sin, and with humble penitence, let us pray as we praise, and beseech him to turn away his judgments, and forgive us for the sake of His dear son, our Saviour, and let us remember the closing words of the Proclamation which has called us together, and "while offering up the ascriptions justly due to God for His singular deliverances and blessings; let us also with humble penitence for our perverseness and disobedience, commend to His tender care all those who have become widows, orphans, mourners, or sufferers, in the lamentable civil strife in which we are unavoidably engaged, and fervently implore the interposition of the Almighty hand to heal the wounds of the nation, and to restore it as soon as may be consistent with the divine purposes to the full enjoyment of peace, harmony, tranquillity, and Union." Amen!

How THE SOLDIER SLEEPS.—You would I think, wonder to see men lie right down in the dusty road, under the full noon sun of Tennessee and Alabama, and fall asleep in a minute. I have passed hundreds of such sleepers. A dry spot is a good mattress; the flap of a blanket quite a downy pillow. You would wonder, I think, to see a whole army corps, as I have, without a shred of a tent to bless themselves with, lying any where and every where in all-night rain, and not a growl nor a grumble. I was curious to see whether the pluck and good nature were washed out of them, and so I made my way out of the snug, dry quarters. I am ashamed to say I occupied, at five in the morning, to see what water had done with them.—Nothing! Each soaked blanket hatched out as jolly a fellow as you would wish to see—muddy dripping half floundering forth they came, wringing themselves out as they went, with the look of a troop of "wet down" roosters in a full rain storm, plume at half mast, but hearts trumps every time. If they swore—and some did—it was with a laugh, the sleepy fires were stirred up; then came the coffee, and they were as good as new. "Blood is thicker than water."—B. F. Taylor.

The poor are oftener prayed for than helped. The reason is, we believe, that air is cheaper than bulion.

By examining the tongue of the patient, Physicians find out the diseases of the body—Philosophers, of the mind.

"John, why don't you stop crying and go to sleep. What do you want?" "I've got the better ache—that's what I want."

We know a preacher, who, when speaking, constantly hammers the desk with his fist to rivet the audience.

A new member rose to make his first speech, and in his embarrassment, began to scratch his head. "Well, really," exclaimed, Sheridan, he has got something in his head, after all.

Indiana papers are teeming with accounts of meetings for the promotion of volunteering, and for the aid of soldiers' families.

Woman.—"There is nothing, says Sir Samuel Romilly, by which I have through life more profited, than by the just observations, the good opinion, and the sincere and gentle encouragement of amiable and sensible women."

At Mechanic's Falls, Maine, paper is made from a mixture of rye, straw, and corn sheels.